THE Numb. 27.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From Monday September 5, to Wednesday September 7, 1709.

OF all the Gentlemen that have any Claim to the Knowledge of Men and Things, Sir *Andrew Pleaſe-All* is the Perſon, that in my Opinion, comes neareſt to Perfection. His Education amongſt Men of Letters, and his great Proficiency in the ſevereſt Studies are ſo far from ſow'ring his Temper, like thoſe of other Academicks, that they have ſweetned and improv'd it, and he holds no better Opinion of himſelf, from the Eſteem the World has for him, than that it is the effect of *their* good Humour, and therefore plentifully repays it with abundance of his *own*. In a word, he has Learning without Pedantry, Wealth without Arrogance, Breeding without Affectation, Generoſity without Deſign, Religion without Hypocriſy, Wit without Prophaneſs, Honeſty without Suſpicion, and Friendſhip without Reſervation; as the only way for any one to *oblige* him, is to ſuffer himſelf to be *oblig'd* by him. Honours confer'd on ſuch Patriots as this, reverberate on the Princes that make Grants of 'em; and it is not the meaneſt Inſtance of the late King's Penetration, that he could make an Eſtimate of the Figure this Gentleman ſhould bear in the World, at Years of *Ripeneſs* and *Maturity*, from what he then made, as it were in the very *Infancy* of thoſe rare Endowments, when he firſt judg'd him worthy of his Royal Diſtinction. This Gentleman (which my pretended Nameſake at *B. Bragg*'s muſt envy me for) did me the Honour of a Viſit *en paſſant* as he was driving to *Tom*'s Coffee-houſe, and found me and BEN RESISTANCE, the *Mob-Defender* in *Broad-ſtreet*, upon the ſame Topick the whole Town rung of, the late *Victory* gain'd by the Confederates in *Flanders*. We were both of one Side as to the *Conſequence* of it, but of different Opinions concerning the *Cauſe*. BEN wou'd have it, with *Submiſſion to my Ladyſhip*, and all imaginable *deference to my Character*, that this overthrow of the *French* was *pre-ordained* from the Beginning; that it was in one of the Links of that Chain which is fix'd to the *Foot* of Providence, and muſt have come to paſs without the Duke of *Marlborough* or Prince *Eugene*'s Intervention. His Arguments were as wide of the Purpoſe as if they were deſign'd to be ſo, and rather than not gain his Ends by perplexing the Cauſe, he ſeem'd reſolv'd to abide by it, while he had a *Tongue* to tire his *Hearers* with, or a *Pen* to prevaricate with his *Readers*. He threatned me with large *unedifying* Treatiſes on the Subject, if I did not actually drop it; and *Ebenezer Holdſorth*, a diſſenting Teacher in the ſame Street, ſtood by him with as much eagerneſs as if the *Lawfulneſs* of accepting *Silver Spoons* had been call'd in Queſtion, or the *Rights* and *Prerogatives* of his pretended *Miniſtry* gave Being to the Diſpute. *Charles Pennyleſs*, a Poet that liv'd by his Wits, was my Second, and as *Fortune* wou'd have it, he that was endebted to her Bounty for every Meals Meat he had, to ſhew he cou'd be *grateful* once in his Life, took part with her againſt their Favourite Idol *Predeſtination*. The Fight was grown almoſt as hot as that which we had been diſcourſing of, and as *Fate* and *Fortune* was the *Word* of Battail, ſo each Party did its utmoſt in behalf of what either had eſpouſed: But all that cou'd be ſaid on our ſide, was of no manner of weight; they fought Blindfold like the *Roman* ANDABATÆ, and wou'd not open their Eyes to be convicted. Reaſon, Religion, Precept and Example avail'd nothing, and the Poet had no ſooner ſaid, *Te facimus Fortuna Deam Cœloq; locamus*, but *Holdforth* cry'd out, *Popery, Popery*, the *Whore of* Babylon, the *Seven Deadly Sins*, the *Beaſt*, the *Beaſt*, the *number* 666, and all other uſeful Quotations on ſuch provoking Occaſions. *Ben* was not a Jot behind him, but brandiſh'd his Common-Prayer Book by way of *Moderation*, and had certainly thrown it at *Pennyleſs* his Head, to ſhew the *value* he had for the Contents of it; but matters were huſh'd out of Reſpect to the Knight, who is equally belov'd by all Parties, and was made Arbitrator of the Diſpute, and told us,

'We rather ſhould rejoyce at the Conſequences of ſo 'Important a Victory, than cavil about the Cauſes, 'and that neither *Fate* nor *Fortune* were the ſole Agents 'that occaſion'd it: That Providence, tho' its the Au'thor of all Benefits to Mankind, makes uſe of Second 'Cauſes to accompliſh and bring 'em to paſs, and that '*Valour* and *Virtue* ought to ſtep in for a ſhare of the '*Praiſe*, ſince they bore ſo great a part in the *Perfor*'*mance*: That if Things were to happen *ſo* and *ſo* from 'the firſt Order and Courſe of Nature, it would be of 'no Significance to make uſe of ways and means to 'accelerate and haſten Events for Humane Purpoſes, 'and nothing could be fortuitous and happen of Chance, 'if this Doctrine of Neceſſity held good: That if Men 'were *free Agents*, as all Teſtimonies allow, then the '*French* had it in their Pow'r to decamp and avoid 'being beaten, and that it was rather owing to the 'Conduct of our Generals that drew 'em out of their 'ſtrong Intrenchments, than the Decrees of *Neceſſity* 'that they ſhould; and thoſe who gave ſuch impli'cit Credit to the Doctrine of *Predeſtination*, were 'ſhrewdly to be ſuſpected in their Morals, ſince Sciſm, 'Faction, Hypocriſy and Profaneneſs, would have no 'influence on a *future* State; and it wou'd be all one

'as

'as to Rewards and Puniſhments hereafter, how a Man 'behav'd himſelf in the *preſent*, becauſe the Mandates 'of Providence were irreverſible, and he cou'd be but 'what he was intended and deſign'd to be, were his 'Practice never ſo diſſonant, or contrary, to Truth, 'Honeſty and Juſtice, an Argument that inclin'd him 'very much to their ſide, who were poſſeſs'd of other 'Tenents: But as *Gratitude* to our *Benefactors* ſhou'd 'be the Returns for Benefits, ſo inſtead of entring in-'to the Liſts of Diſpute, it wou'd be more becoming 'our preſent Circumſtances to expreſs our Thankful-'neſs under 'em, than uneaſineſs about 'em; *wherefore*, 'ſaid he, *to divert this unſeaſonable Diſcourſe, that more 'becomes a* Pulpit *than a* Lady's Chamber, *prethee* Pen-'nyleſs, *let's have a Line or two upon this great Occaſi-'on, and there's a Guinea to give your Muſe and you a 'Dinner for your Pains*; which *Pennyleſs* accepted, and 'having look'd very wiſhfully on the Reward of his 'Poetry, addreſs'd himſelf to the Company in the fo-'lowing manner.

Oh! for Caſtalian *Drops to fill my Pen!*
I have not ſeen ſo much the Lord knows when!
What e'ers the Cauſe that Gallick Troops are beat,
Here, here's the Conſequence *of the Defeat;*
For had not Marlborough *fought as I'm a Sinner,*
My Muſe and I had went without a Dinner.
Go on, great Prince, for Arts and Arms renown'd,
Be ſtill with Cities gain'd, and Battels Crown'd;
Till fam'd Pariſian *Walls your Flags diſplay,*
And France *its Rightful Monarch's Laws obey:*
Till you to Thames, *his Queen ſubject the* Sein,
And drive its haughty Tyrant from the Rhine,
That I upon more Victories *may Dine.*
Be Deſtiny *the Cauſe, if Prieſts think fit,*
That I have this to buy a Dainty Bit,
Fortune *ſay I moſt certainly's my Friend,*
Who does this unexpected Bounty ſend?
Since whatſoever Notions they advance,
We Poets *only* Live *and* Eat *by* chance.
And tho' the Fates *triumphant have foreſeen ye,*
I from her and Sir Andrew *have this Guinea.*

Sir *Andrew* was a Gentleman too converſant with more refin'd Wits, to give ſuch a ridiculous Trifler in Metre his Approbation, yet how nice ſo ever his Taſte was in things of this Nature, he govern'd himſelf ſo far as to ſeem reſolv'd to ſpend half an hour longer with me, had not *Francis* come up Stairs, and told me, Sir *James, How do-you do,* was come to *play at Cards* and drink a *Diſh of Tea* with me. This Knight was the very Reverſe of him that was with me, was proud of Acquirements which he *had not*, and fearful of running out an Eſtate which he *had*; was very talkative among the *Ladies*, for the *Men* had *ſpew'd* him out of their Company ever ſince laſt Seſſions, yet very ignorant in the choice of Words and Expreſſions to flatter their Vanity with. His chief Excellencies lay in the notice of *French Night-Caps*, and his Imperfections were ſo indiſcriminately hudl'd together, that they ſeem'd all of a Peice with, and could not be diſtinguiſh'd from, what the World is pleas'd to call his *Perfections*. He had been a *Senator* to this Day, had he came into the Houſe with his *Wits* about him, and might have been born with in Company, had he made no more Speeches in it than he did there. Not to multiply Words to no purpoſe, as he does, he had neither Underſtanding enough for Sir *Andrew*'s Converſation, nor Liberality for *Pennyleſs*'s, and all that could be expected from his making one with 'em, was to tire the one, and diſappoint the other; for the only Piece of Wiſdom he was Maſter of, was to keep his Money, unleſs he ventur'd it to get more. Wherefore they took their leaves of me, after wiſhing me *a good Deliverance*, and left me to the Mercy of my new Perſecutor, who addreſs'd me with, *Madam, having heard of your great Knowledge in other Affairs, I'm come to teach you how to make* Tea, *after My way.* *Lady* Mary Fretful, *and Mrs.* Squeamiſh, *have both done me the Honour of being my Pupills, and I have it by way of Certificate under their Hands, that I have inſtructed 'em to the greateſt Perfection in that Noble Art and Myſtery.* I had nothing to do but to ſubmit my ſelf to the Impertinencies I was to undergo, praiſe him for his exact mixture of the Tea and Water, and play at *Picquet* with him; when as my good Genius would have it, *Harry Moroſe*, the *Fop-hater* came into my Room, after the *Knight* had curs'd all his Stars, and call'd 'em all the Rogues in the Rainbow, for letting him loſe *Fifteen Shillings*; and ſo by his means I ſaw him march off without his Money, while I had the ſatisfaction to be at eaſe without his Company.

†‡† *The Gentlemen concern'd in the* Britiſh Apollo *are deſired by Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, *to ſhew themſelves a Kin to that Muſical Deity, by inſerting the* Baſe *as well as* Tenour, *Counter-Tenour and Treble for the future, leaſt the Judicious Part of the World, that have a true inſight into Crotchets, Quavers and Semi-Quavers, grow as much appriz'd of their Ignorance in Muſick, as the better Part of their Subſcribers are of their want of Inſight into* Phyloſophy *and* Poetry.

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *deſires her Friends hence forward, when they have any thing to inſert, that they'd direct their Letters to her, at Mrs.* Baldwin's *at the* Oxford Arms *in* Warwick-Lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

‡†‡ A Pindarick ODE on His Excellency John Duke of Marlborough, Prince of the Holy Empire, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Marlborough, &c. with a View of the 3 laſt Glorious and Memorable Campaigns. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane, Price Six Pence.

*** The Hiſtory of the Imperial and Royal Families of Auſtria and Bourbon, traced down from their Original to this preſent time. With an Account of their Riſe, Advancement and Decay; their Differences, Wars and Quarrels; their Treaties, Alliances and Marriages; all the Conſiderable Incidents and Alterations that have happen'd to either: With a View of the preſent State of their Controverſies and Affairs; and of their ſeveral Pretentions to the Crown of Spain. By an Impartial Hand. Printed for Iſaac Cleave next Serjeants Inn Gate in Chancery-Lane.

†‡† Marten's 6th Edition with great Additions of the Secret Diſeaſe, ſo very terrible if neglected, or ill manag'd; diſcovering each particular Symptom, ſo as any one may know whether Infected or not, its Nature, Conſequence, and true way of Cure, without hazard of Reputation and Life in the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders. Illuſtrated with many remarkable Obſervations, Hiſtories of Cures, Letters, &c. ſetting forth the diſmal effects of ill Cures, cauſing many Indiſpoſitions in both Sexes, which they often times are at a loſs to account for. By John Marten, Surgeon. Pr. 4 s. Sold by N. Crouch in the Poultry, J. Knapton in St Paul's Church-yard, P. Varenne in the Strand, and at the Authors Houſe in Hatton-Garden.

THE True Royal Snuff for Purging the Head. It takes away Pains and Aches from thence, Cures Deafneſs, and is very excellent againſt the Megrim, Palſey, Apoplexy, the Evil in the Eyes, or any other Humour in them. Alſo the Gout in the Head, Catarrh or Drippings from the Head upon the Lungs; and will bring away all Mercury that lodgeth in the Head, by taking Bolus's or Pills; or occaſioned by any infectious Trades, as Refiners, Gilders, Plummers, and the like, and very much helps Dimneſs of Sight. Sold Leonard's Coffee-houſe in Fleet Lane. Pr. 2 s. 6 d. the Box.

MArgaret Searl, Wife to the late Sam. Searl, Famous for Relieving and Curing Deafneſs, depending on any External Obſtruction of the Organ of the Ear; who has Practiced this Art above 38 years paſt, and Communicated the Secret to me only, who Practic'd it with him, in his Life time, for many years, after the ſame Way and Method. Still living in Pye Corner, over againſt the Golden Ball, by Weſt Smithfield, London; where I, or my Daughter, is always ready, upon any occaſion of that Nature, to ſerve ſuch as apply themſelves to us Being the Survivors of my Father Edm. Searl, and late Huſband to Samuel Searl.